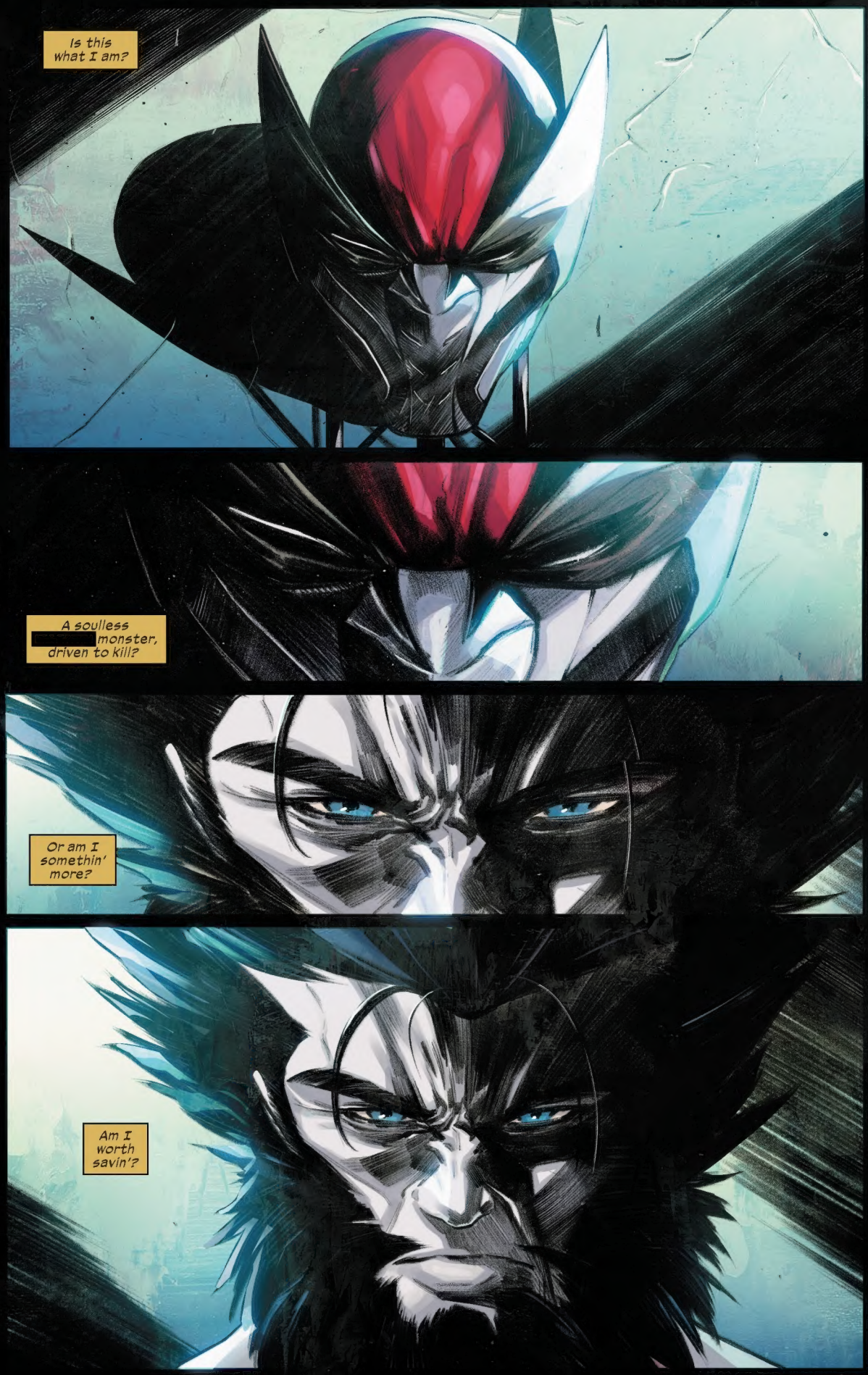
MARVEL

ULTIMATE WOLVERINE

8

CONDON
CAPPUCCIO | VALENZA

AUG. 2025 | RATED T+


Is this what I am?
A soulless [redacted] monster, driven to kill?
Or am I somethin' more?
Am I worth savin'?

I once served with a fella from some island named *Genosha*. He told me about the history 'a the place. Told me about a thousand-year-old ritual. Not performed anymore, but it was once the *law of the land*.
To become an adult, the people of Genosha would undergo an *exorcism*. They purged themselves of the past and emerged renewed. If they didn't, they were doomed to a kinda *limbo*. They were considered *unclean*, fodder for *demons*.
They stripped down an' covered themselves in chalk. A symbol 'a purification. A priest would feed 'em a fungus that'd make 'em hallucinate. They'd set them out in the wild...
...then *they'd face themselves*.
After what I done as Winter Soldier...I needed somethin'. I'd done bad things before. War's hell, as they say. But this was...
...*it wasn't me*.
An' whoever the hell it was, I want 'im outta me.
I wanna be *clean*.
Free.
An' I want revenge.

I remake m'self like the old ritual says. I take the things they used to change me, an' I make 'em *mine.*
I feel somethin' changin' in me as I pull on the clothes 'a my enemy. It's like I'm peelin' skin away. It feels *raw.*
I can feel the blood pumpin' hot in m' veins. Heart's thumpin'.
I ain't what they said I was. Not anymore. Now...
...I'm reborn.
An' those sick [redacted] *don't know what's comin' their way.*

Zmiinyi "Snake" Island, Black Sea, Southwestern E.R.
Listen up.
We are headed into enemy territory.
We thrive in enemy territory.
We are the Opposition. We are Strike Team X.
Let's make them remember that.
All right... it's showtime. Move out.
Let's free us some muties.

SHNK
SHNK
SHNK
SHNK
KA-BOOM
Gambit, would you take care of the mines too?
Don't mind if I do.

FABOOM
FABOOM
Easy like Sunday mornin', minou.
Whatever you say, magic hands.
Move, move!

Sprite?
On it.
SNFF
SNFF
What? What is it, Wolverine?
Somethin's... somethin's off.
SNFF
Where are the guards?
I didn't see any...
Me neither, Widow, but...
SNFF
SNFF
...there ain't no way they'd leave a top-secret prison unguarded...
He...he's right. Something is wrong. There would be--
Yeah... I don't like dis, Brand... Where's she at? It shoulda only--
Just give her a minute.
I done gave her a minute, yeah? Now where--

Here! Here she is!
Oh. Oh God.
What? What was it?
Minou... What'd you see?
It was... There was so much... I...I couldn't...
Bodies. There were bodies... everywhere...
Get the door open!

Oh my... what on Earth happened here?
I thought this was a rescue mission, no?
SNFF
SNFF
Wh-what is it? Logan, what's--
Don't know.
But it ain't good.
SNIKT

Down there...
I don't know about this, Brand...
We get in, we get out. The plan hasn't changed, McCoy. We got us some muties to save.
If they're alive...
What do you--?
Shh.
It's there.

I...I...I...I won't letyouIwon't letyouIwon't letyou Iwon't letyou I...I...I--
This guy ain't playin' with a full deck 'a--
No... Those wings. I remember him from the files. His name's Warren.
Warren Worthington.
He...he's scared, Logan. He needs help. I can--we can help.
Hey. Hey, Warren. We're friends. We've come here to--
IWON'T LETYOU

IWON'TLET YOUIWON'TLET YOUIWON'TLET YOU
Warren, we're friends! We're--
Oh...oh no...
SHING SHING SHING
NO!
Geddown!
SHLK
SHLK
SHLK
ARGGHH--!
SHLK
SHLK
SHLK
SHLK
Gulk--

I...I won't...
I don't much give a [redacted], bub.
...LET YOU!

RRRAUH!

You ain't goin' nowhere--

Ahh--!

SHK

SSHNK

SPIFF SPIFF

Nn--

WOOM

I--

Hyaah--

KRAAK
SHLLLK
Yeah. Right. He needs help.
You did, didn't you?

I...I know it's not *him*. It's this damn country. The messin' around with brains, the experiments. *I* got saved, *I* came back, yeah...but how do we know they ain't changed him so much he can't ever go ***back?***
This ain't a damsel in distress, kid. It's a [redacted] horseman of the apocalypse.
It's death on metal wings. Everythin' it touches *dies.*
Claws, wings. The one thing that matters is how well does it kill? So even if we can...does he *deserve* savin'? Does he even *want* it?
Did I?
Yes.
He deserves a chance. *Like you did.*
Then you better *hot-wire* his brain before he *kills you too.*

Doctor Strugatsky, this is Director Prostovich.
We have not had a new update on the Angel Specimen experiments, nor have we had updates on the Kostny Mozg, Oslepitelny or Mimic Specimens...
Leaders Rasputin and Rossovich are growing impatient, Doctor. I can only make excuses for so long until your incompetence begins to stain my credibility too...
Hrrm?
Doctor Strugatsky... are you there?
Who's that voice?
If you do not respond, I will be forced to send an armed--

Who is that? Step forward, I can see you there.
Doctor, if this is your idea of a game, I--
Winter Soldier...

You're alive...
SNIKT
ROARRRGHHH!
Who the hell was that?
Somebody who's gonna be dead pretty soon.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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"ANGEL" SPOTTED IN SKIES— SIGN OF PEACE OR DOOM?

ANGELS IN AMERICA?

NEW YORK, NY Residents from across the North American Union have witnessed a strange flying creature in the skies over the last month, prompting panic and uncertainty. The creature has been described by multiple witnesses as resembling an angel—a humanoid form with wings on its back. The phenomenon has baffled scientists and government officials.

George Callas of Wichita Falls, Kansas, one of the first to report the strange aerial phenomenon, noted that the being had a "cherubic body" and "white, feathery wings." He also added: "But the sun was in my eyes, so it was hard to tell exactly what was going on. I didn't think much of it and continued to mow my lawn. Once my neighbor mentioned it to me later on, I said to myself, 'Oh, yeah. I saw that too. That *is* strange.'"

Some churches have welcomed the sightings, advertising "angel-sighting groups," praying for peace and extending an invitation to the creature to fly down and join their congregations for a meeting. No such meeting has occurred, and individuals who have joined the angel-sighting groups for one of their binocular-wearing forays described it as a "disappointment."

"We waited and waited," said Carla Ramirez of Hopewell, New Jersey, "but nothing happened. No angel, no nothing. We stood out in a park in the hot sun, and I nearly got sunstroke. A bird would fly by, and everyone would grab their binoculars, but that was it. Five dollars for nothing."

But the sightings continue regardless. May Fennel of Mission Viejo, California, saw the creature in the skies over her town last weekend. "I was in the garden when a shadow fell over me. I was in direct sunlight, so I thought this was odd. As I lifted my eyes to the sky, the shadow passed, and the sun shone directly in my eyes. I am pretty sure that the shadow was the angel. I believe it may be my Jeffrey come to watch over me."

Local authorities have been alerted to the sightings across the vast North American Union

but urge residents to exercise caution and restraint. "We have received your phone calls, letters and emails," Chief of Police Jeremy Pesko of New Hampton, Iowa, said in a statement, "and we understand your concern. Despite this, we do not have any knowledge as to what this flying object is. We do not know if it is a living creature or a mechanical device. We do not know anything at this point. We do not believe it poses a risk to the safety of our residents, so at this time, we are asking everyone to please remain calm."

When asked about what journalists should refer to the flying creature as, the chief said: "Good question. It is best to classify it, as we do with all cases of this sort, as an unidentified flying object, or UFO. And to emphasize our earlier point, and please include this in your articles—I urge residents: Please stop shooting at it."

MORE COVERAGE ON PAGES 22

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Location: http://www.?srsltid=AfmOooBbeRgoK9K3ogRsox7kZNEPaOOVhMFNTctOuenEiM

Dear Director Prostovich,

The content of this letter was intended as an electronic communique to Directorate X from Dr. Strugatsky. He died before he could complete the communique, and thus, it was never sent.

To: Dir. A. Prostovich,

I am abandoning work on the Angel specimen immediately. And I am ordering that all testing at the Snake Island underground facility be ended immediately pending further review. I am making this decision on my own, without authorization of the Eurasian Republic or my direct superior: you, Director.

I understand that this may result in disciplinary action, which I am prepared to confront, but I cannot continue putting my people at risk for the furthering of this weapons program. This next phase, after the loss of the Winter Soldier specimen, has been rushed into the experimentation phase solely based on the success of the Winter Soldier program.

The Angel specimen is not the Winter Soldier. It is unpredictable and dangerous. His mind is too fragile. He has killed seven people this week alone—three doctors and four guards. Last week, he killed two doctors, a guard and one of the other specimens. No matter what we do, we cannot stop his continued penchant for violence. Worse, still, is the fact that we have replaced his feathered wings—which were dangerous only to those not possessing them once they have taken flight—with wings made of razor-sharp projectiles. What brilliance! We have created our own death sentence!

Even now, I can hear his screams. Incessant. Painful. Angry. I hear…

The alarms—

This communique was found opened on Dr. Strugatsky's personal terminal, though the screen was cracked and broken, making it illegible on the premises. As you well know, no survivors were discovered on Snake Island. We have, at the moment, closed the facility pending further investigation.

Respectfully,
Valery Teplinsky
GENERAL, REPUBLIC ARMY
COMMANDING